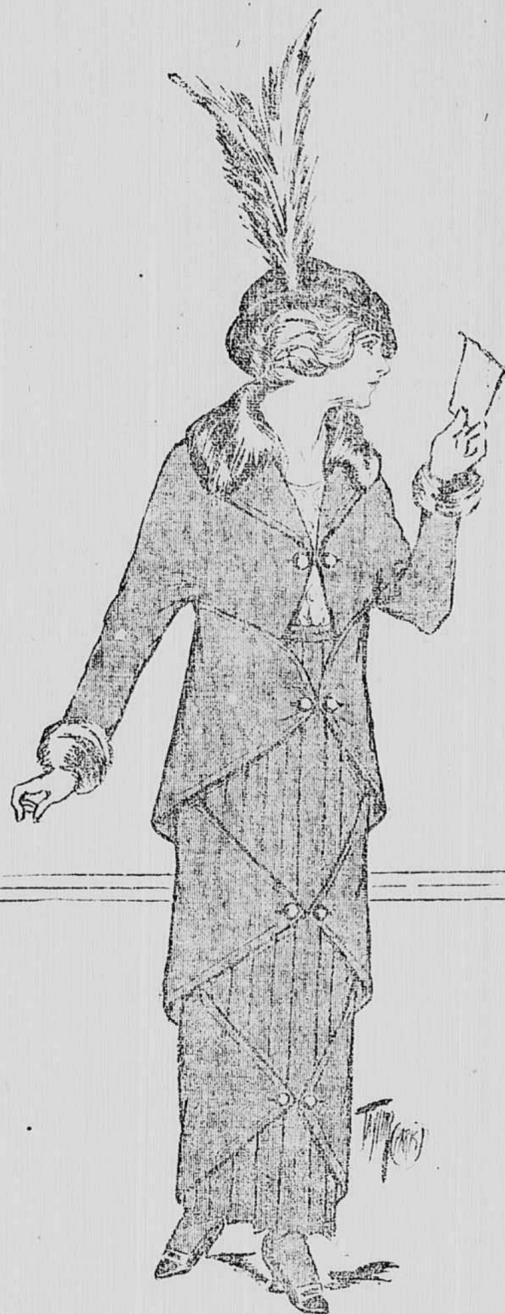


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

Suit of Dark Blue Duveltyne, Trimmed With Fur.



WHERE WOMEN ARE WINTER CAMPERS

Up in the Pine Woods in the Rejuvenating Dry and Snowy Air.

THE MODERN DIANA

Is Clothed as Sensibly as Her Brother When She Hunts for Big Game.

We are wont to think of the pleasure-seeking woman of wealth, who seeks new climatic conditions at this season, as emigrating to Florida or some other sunny spot, but as a matter of fact she has of late years shown a decided preference for the Northern woods.

With each coming winter more and more women go North to camp in the pine woods, and to hunt deer and moose during the snowy season. It is claimed that once they begin this sort of sport it becomes a habit—their volubility as the fashionable world become a secondary attraction.

On the face of it there seems to be little in it that would appeal to the feminine, but a few minutes' chat with these modern Diana girls give one a different viewpoint. These pine-wood camps are in high altitude, where the cold is dry and exhilarating, although often 20 degrees below zero. Hunting costumes for women to-day are so perfect that they give comfort to the body and perfect freedom of movement. If shifts are worn there are made somewhat on the ordinary style (shorter, of course), divided and with knickerbocker underparts. Woolen underwear, hip boots, lined put or felt, and chamois-lined jackets permit the women to hunt in as satisfactory attire as her brother's or husband's. A great fur coat is the finishing touch to her costume, topped with a fur cap, she knows the becoming.

Deer and moose are far easier to track and stalk when snow is on the ground, as the movements of their slender legs are not so easily hidden. Stag-horn cabins with big open porches, where real roaring fires can be built, and appetizing camp cooking that has been eagerly anticipated to appreciate it, and attractions not to be denied, while the health-giving tramp through the wood with the "fox" snow crunching under your feet, have all attracted to the heated, impervious atmosphere can ever give, if we are to accept the verdict of ladies who have tried both.

A VARIETY OF SALADS

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Yolk of one egg, one saltspoon of dry mustard, cuttings of one of sugar, red and white pepper to taste. Stir all together well, then add the oil drop by drop, stirring slowly, always with a fork. When you have the consistency of a thick paste, then add a dessertspoon of vinegar or lemon juice. Your egg should be fresh and cold, and the oil cold. Don't make the dressing in a kitchen or where it is hot. If it should get too thick, the other way, simply put it in the ice-box for a little while and try it again. More vinegar can be added if desired. Thinner or if not so rich the white of the egg, well beaten, before it is stirred in.

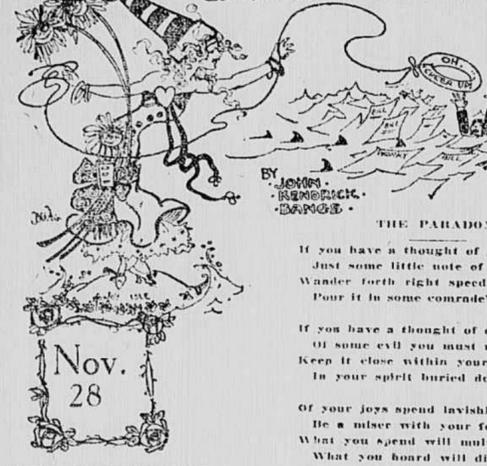
Potato Salad.

Cut raw Irish potatoes in small square pieces, just boiling them, boil ten minutes, drain and when cold mix with equal parts of celery, a little onion juice or chopped onion, mix with mayonnaise dressing. Line a flat dish with lettuce leaves, pile the salad on them in a nice shape, pour some dressing over all. This is much better than when made of cold boiled potatoes.

Chicken Salad.

Take a plump white chicken, boil it. When cold, cut it up in small bits. Take out all fat, bones and skin. Mix with a little mayonnaise dressing, as much finely chopped celery, a few raisins, a few almonds and mix thoroughly before putting it on the dish. Shape nicely; dress with small white lettuce leaves and pour some dressing over the top.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



BY JOHN REMBRICK-BANGE

THE PARADOX.

If you have a thought of glee, Just some little note of cheer, Wander forth right speedily, Pour it in some comrade's ear.

If you have a thought of dread, Of some evil you must read, Keep it close within your head, In your spirit buried deep.

Of your joys spend invisibly; Be a miser with your fear, What you spend will multiply; What you hoard will disappear!

THE BEST WAY

Some Household Hints, Worthy of Your Scrapbook.

To make stove polish blacker, durable and more easily mix it with turpentine and apply in the usual manner. The turpentine also prevents rust, and when put on an old, rusty stove will make it look as well as a new one.

ONE OF THE NEW SASHES



Cleaning White Furs. Flannels of pure Buller's earth, corn starch, flour, sorbomet and powdered borax and salt are admirable for cleaning white furs and other white goods. In all cases first beat and dust the flannels, then wash in the usual way, and finally wash in a light lye solution of soda ash and water. Beat out the dirt from the skirt side. Should there be any lack of brilliancy in the fur, comb with a fine steel comb made for the purpose. If the fur should appear still, beat slightly with a rubber whip.

MENU

Breakfast.		
Grapes	Cereal	
Kipped Herring Broiled on Toast	Coffee	
Buns		
Luncheon.		
Salad of Beets and Eggs	Wafers	
Apple Tart	Tea	
Dinner.		
Tomato Soup		
Boiled Haddock with White Sauce	Peas	
Baked Potatoes	Wafers	
Watercress with French Dressing		
Lemon Meringue Pie	Coffee	
Dessert.		
Boiled Haddock with White Sauce		

COMFORTABLE LIBRARY

There are many pieces of furniture to-day to make the library both comfortable and beautiful. There is an charming little mahogany writing table that costs fifteen dollars. It is so made that it occupies only a space about two feet long by six or seven inches wide when it is not in use. There is a narrow rack across the back to hold paper and envelopes. When it is in use a folding leaf in the front is pulled out, and two supporting legs are pulled out to hold the leaf in shape, and it is as comfortable a writing table as any woman could wish.

There are beautiful mahogany candlesticks now made that add dignity to any library table or mantelpiece or desk. Some of them are made with the turned columns and some are made in simple outline. Some are inlaid elaborately. Some are three or four branched. All of them are beautiful. There are also some in desk size and some in desk size. They stand from six to fourteen or fifteen feet high.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When a large bottle of olives is opened and only a part of them used, the remainder, though left in the bottle, become tasteless. To avoid this, pour half an inch of olive oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar on the top and cork well.

Spots on carpets and rugs in most instances may be removed by sponging with oxalid or with ammonia and about sponging the spot or in keeping it to rise thoroughly.

When a little speck of grit or dust gets into the eye, by shutting the eye for a few minutes, or violent blowing of the nose will sometimes bring the speck out.

To protect the hair, nostrils and mouth from dirt while sweeping, tie a handkerchief over the nose and mouth, and use a long well as old as possible. Arrange it after the fashion of the Turkish and Persian women, leaving only the eyes exposed.

The best material for protecting shrubs from winter winds is waterproof building paper. Make a framework of lath around the shrub and tack the paper to it.

An inexpensive kitchen convenience is a quart milk-can covered, in which milk, soup, custard or any liquid may be put into the refrigerator, taking small space.

she was pleading for mercy with them. He thought hard over the situation. The obvious solution came to him. She had been at one time reduced to the necessity of posing a circumstance evidently known to but few and least of all Sara Wendall, from whom the girl plainly meant to keep the truth. This conviction distressed him, but not in the way that might have been expected. He had no scruples about sharing the secret or in keeping it inviolate, his real distress lay in the fact that Mrs. Wendall might hear of all this from other and perhaps unscrupulous sources. As for her posing the truth, it meant little or nothing to him. In his own experience, two girls of gentle birth had served as models for pictures of the character that had driven them to it. One had posed in the "Altogether." She was a girl of absolutely irreproachable character, who afterwards married a chap he knew very well, and who was fully aware of that short phase in her life. That fortune of the situation meant nothing to him. He was in no doubt concerning Hetty. She was what she appeared to be—a gentlewoman.

He began to experience a queer sense of pity for her. Her eyes haunted him when they were separated; they dogged him when they were together. More than once he was moved to rush over and take her in his arms, and to assure her to tell him all, to trust him with everything. At such times the thought of holding the slim, warm, infinitely feminine body in his arms was most distracting. He rather feared for himself, if such a thing were to happen and it might happen if the invisible hand that was at the psychological moment of least resistance, the result in all probability would be disastrous. She would turn on him like an injured animal and rend him! Alas, for that leveler, called "reason"! It spurs many good intentions.

He admitted to himself that he was under the spell of her. It was not love, he was able to contend, but it was a mysterious appeal to something within him that had never revealed itself before. He couldn't quite explain what it was. In his solitary hours at the cottage

on the upper road, he was wont to take his friend Leslie Wendall into consideration. As a friend, was it not little tale? Was it right to let Wendall go on with his wooing when there existed that which might make all the difference in the world to him? He invariably brought these deliberations to a close by relaxing into a grim smile of amusement, as he said to himself, "Sara, my right, anyway. Trust me to sift her antecedents thoroughly. He's already done it, and he is quite satisfied with the result. Serve them all right, for that matter."

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been something in his mind all the while, "What is the shady stretch they had traversed?" "Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, the English actress?" Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Let me tell you the story of her life. It was a bit staggering. I have never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied. "Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually. "What has become of her?" he asked, ignoring her question. "Is she still on the stage?" "Heaven knows," she replied lightly. "I saw her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows? She may have married into the nobility by this time. She was a very poor actress, but the bravest thing in the world—excepting our Hetty, of course, if I could have seen the troubled look in her eyes as she was whirled off the stage, she might not have gone about the cottage with such a listless air. He was happier than he had been in days, and all because of Hetty Glynn."

Leslie Wendall did not arrive by the evening train. He telephoned late in the afternoon, not to Hetty but to Sara, to say that he was unavoidably detained and would not leave New York until the next morning. Something in his voice, in his manner of speaking, distressed her. She went to bed that night with two sources of uneasiness threatening her peace of mind. She scented peril. The motor met him at the station and Sara was waiting for him in the coach, wearing a velvet-trimmed dress and a warm hat. There was a sullen, dissatisfied look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, happily, in a great chaise-longue, her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect abandonment. "Hello," he said shortly. She gave

him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously. "We missed you," she said. "I'll put a chair. I was never so late as now. Dear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and gross." "Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if you don't mind. Beasty tiresome, sitting in a hot, stuffy train!" He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible. "Please sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, tramping about like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more." "Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little mustache. "No, Hetty's posing. They won't permit even me to disturb them." He glared. With a final almost dramatic twist he gave over jerking at his mustache, and grabbed up a chair which he put down beside her with a volubility that spoke plainer than words. "I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this silly job?" "Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," she cried. "Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't prod a genius."

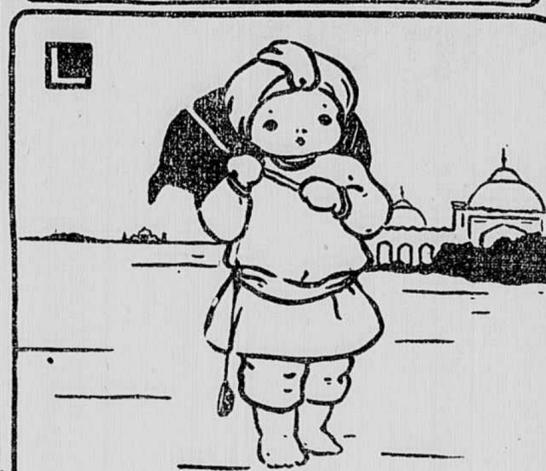
"It's all tommy-rot," he growled. "I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town." "Don't you like talking with me?" she inquired, with a pout. "Of course I do," he made haste to say. "But do you mean to say I won't let anybody in where—Oh, I say! This is rich!" "Spectators upset the muse, or words to that effect." "He stared gloomily at his cigarette case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand. "See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly. "I've been thinking it over all week. I

don't like this portrait painting nonsense." "Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?" she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph. He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that roared in him, to fan it into fury, to make it unmanageable. She knew his will; his supreme egoism could not withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wendalls, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. He had never been able to laugh at himself; the excellent reason that some things were truly sacred to him. She realized this, and promptly laughed at him. He stiffened. "Don't sneer at Sara," he growled. He took time to light his cigarette, and at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes, I suggested a sort of portrait, of course. A sketchy thing, something like that, you know. But not an all-summer operation."

"But she doesn't mind," explained Sara. "In fact she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth get on famously together." "She likes him, eh?" "Certainly. Why shouldn't she like him? He is adorable." He threw his cigarette over the railing. "Conces here every day, I suppose?" "My dear Leslie, he is to do me as soon as he has finished with her. I don't like her manner." "Oh, he said in a dull sort of wonder. No one had ever cut him short in just that way before. "What's up, Sara? Have I done anything out of the way?" "You are very touchy, it seems to me."

"I'm sore about this confounded portrait monopoly!" "I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose you will have to give in, however. We are three to one against you—Hetty, Mr. Booth and I." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alphabet of Tiny Tots



Lutuf lives in Lucknow
Half a world away
On the plains of India
He can run and play!
Little Lutuf's skin is brown,
His eyes are very black,
He sells water from the skin
That's fastened on his back!

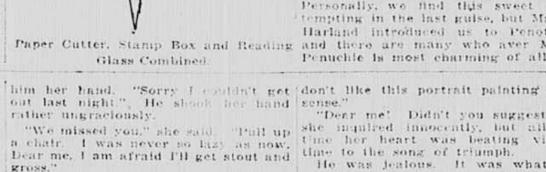
Elizabeth Kirkman

SOME CANDY RECIPES

Panocha.
Ingredients required: Four cups of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, one-half pint of pecan meats and one cup of milk. Put the sugar, milk and butter over the fire, stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil until the mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water; add the pecan meats and begin to stir. When the mixture begins to thicken turn quickly into a greased shallow pan, and spread it out in thin sheets. When cold, cut into squares.

Maple Panocha.
Is exactly the same recipe, excepting maple sugar is substituted for the brown sugar. The full amount of sugar and one cup of brown sugar. There is a choice of nuts permitted, also substituted for the pecan meats. Even a larger variety of nuts is permitted when the recipe uses its disguise, as—

Peanutche.
Put over the fire in a saucepan three cups of light brown sugar—not coffee sugar—with a cupful of milk, and boil to the stage when dropped into cold water it makes a soft but firm ball in the fingers. Add then a teaspoonful of butter, take from the fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and stir in a cupful of kernels of English walnuts, hickory nuts, or pecans, broken into pieces. Turn out upon a well-buttered shallow pan and mark into squares with a buttered knife. Personally, we find this sweet most tempting in the last guise, but Marion Harland introduced us to Peanutche, and there are many who aver Maple Panocha is most charming of all.



Paper Cutter, Stamp Box and Reading Glass Combined